defuſe, my good intent may carry through it ſelfe to that full iſ-
ſue for which I raz'd my likenes, now baniſht *Kent*, if thou canſt
ſerue where thou doſt ſtand condem'd, thy maiſter whom thou
loueſt ſhall find the full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a iot for dinner, goe get it readie, how
now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſe? what would'ſt thou with vs?

Kent. I doe profeſſe to be no leſſe then I ſeeme, to ſerue him
truly that will put me in truſt, to loue him that is honeſt, to con-
uerſe with him that is wiſe, and ſayes little, to feare iudgement,
to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eate no fiſhe.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt harted fellow, and as poore as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poore for a ſubiect, as he is for a King, thar't
poore enough, what would'ſt thou?

Kent. Seruice. *Lear.* Who would'ſt thou ſerue?

Kent. You. *Lear.* Do'ſt thou know me fellow?

Kent. No ſir, but you haue that in your countenance, which
I would faine call Maiſter.

Lear. Whats that? *Kent.* Authoritie.

Lear. What ſeruices canſt doe?

Kent. I can keepe honeſt counſaile, ride, run, mar a curious
tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meſſage bluntly, that
which ordinarie men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beſt
of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo yong to loue a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to
dote on her for any thing, I haue yeares on my backe fortie
eight.

Lear. Follow mee, thou ſhalt ſerue mee, if I like thee no
worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet, dinner, ho din-
ner, wher's my knaue, my foole, goe you and call my foole he-
ther, you ſirra, whers my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So pleaſe you,

Lear. What ſay's the fellow there, call the clat-pole backe,
wher's

whers my foole, ho I thin
wher's that mungrel?

Kent. He ſay's my Lor

Lear. Why came not
him?

ſeruant. Sir, hee anſw
would not. *Lear.* A wo

ſeruant. My Lord, I kn
iudgemēt, your highnes is
affection as you were wo
well in the generall depe
and your daughter. *Lea*

ſeruant. I beſeech you
for my dutie cannot bee ſ
wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remem
haue perceiued a moſt fai
blamed as mine owne iel
purport of vnkindneſſe,
this foole? I haue not ſeen

ſeruant. Since my yong
hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that,
daughter, I would ſpeake
O you ſir, you ſir, come y

Steward. My Ladies

Lear. My Ladies fathe
you ſlaue, you cur.

Stew. I am none of thi

Lear. Doe you band

Stew. Ile not be ſtruck

Kent. Nor tript neithe

Lear. I thanke thee fe

Kent. Come ſir ile te
you will meaſure your lu
you haue wiſedome.

Lear. Now friendly k
thy ſeruice.